

DO YOUR

CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING

AT

Gus Martin's

Pay Less

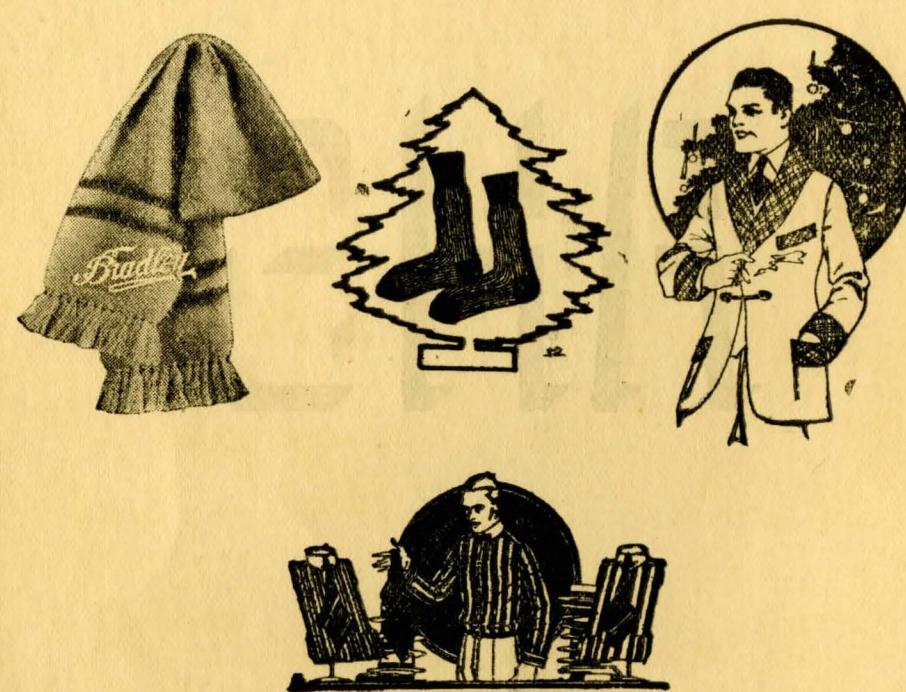
Dress Better

F J S

Vol. 7 December 19, 1917 No. 9

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Young Men

To those who are just leaving boyhood and entering into the life of a *young man*, will find that his personal appearance is more closely scrutinized.

You will find Tilden's the place to bedeck yourself in keeping with the part you must fill in life.

Many wonderful Xmas Gifts to be found among our various departments

The Tilden Store

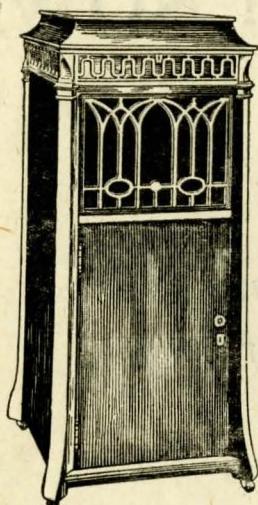
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Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.



THE NEW EDISON

*“The Phonograph
With a Soul”*

Makes it possible for you to have in your own home performances by the world's greatest artists in the flesh and blood.

Think what an advance has been made by Mr. Edison for education and entertainment in your own home.

Music is the one universal language that is known the world over. There never was a man, woman or child born who did not enjoy it.

The Edison is supreme and actually recreates the human voice in all its musical beauty, and with such correctness that the phonograph music cannot be told from the regular voice. There has never been a person and there never will be, who for an instant regretted the purchase of an Edison—the peer of all phonographs, and always rightly termed “The Phonograph With a Soul.”

Telling of the Edison and demonstrating are two different things altogether—we will be glad to demonstrate.

QUADE STUDIO

C. R. QUADE, Sole Agent
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Ames, Iowa

WE NEED YOU! NOW!

*Every High School boy and girl
should be a member of the*

RED CROSS

Line up with the Patriots

Show The True Christmas Spirit

LET'S BE A HUNDRED PER CENT SCHOOL

THE SPIRIT

VOL. VII.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, DEC. 19, 1918

NO. 4

PRIZE EDITORIALS

The Literary Issue of **THE SPIRIT**

Published by the Students of
AMES HIGH SCHOOL

Advisor Miss Mills
Editor Barclay Noble
Assistant Editor Nevin Innes
Literary Editor Hazel Cave
Contest Editor Romania Reins
News Editor Edith Wallis
Athletic Editor Eugene Watkins
Joke Editor Beatrice Olson
Correspondence Editor Tom Musson

Reporters

Eleanor Murray, Marjorie Nickels, Donald
Hucke, Marie Reines '21, Marion Smith
'20, Lydia Tilden, '19, Ina Reins, '18.

Management

Advisor Arthur J. Steffey
Business Manager Victor Beach
Assistant Robert Potter

FIRST PRIZE

CHRISTMAS GIVING

Christmas time this year should hold a different meaning for the people of the Ames High School than it has ever held before. The conditions that we now live under demand that we broaden our idea of Christmas from the giving of gifts to the few to the giving of happiness and good cheer to the many.

We find that the present war has made us question many of our ideals but it has also given to us ideals that are strengthened and made higher by our questioning. So at such a time when we begin to think of the meaning of Christmas, we should not feel that, as a body of high school students we are doing our bit if we disregard the plea for conservation and insist upon giving expensive and unneces-

sary gifts at Christmas time. However, it is not only our patriotic but also our Christmas duty to give not from a sense of necessity, but from the love of giving. We are not most truly giving our best, I think, if we can make others be of good cheer when they might otherwise be depressed by the war conditions. Try to express your true Christmas spirit by your helpfulness and you will be doing your bit for your country in a way that none will fail to appreciate. Let us try to show that it is everyone's Christian and patriotic duty to preserve the right spirit this Christmas and make Christmas more than a meaningless holiday.

—Harriet Tilden

HONORABLE MENTION

COME ON A. H. S.!

There are over three hundred normal healthy students in A. H. S. Among us are those who will be known to the world thru fame, and we are proud of them. But what about the rest of us?

We all want the world to hear about us, don't we? Sure! RIGHT NOW is the time to begin, not to tell but to show what we can do.

There are a lot of A. H. S. students who are getting the very best out of every day, working hard, and making things hum, come on, let's join them!

The world was never so alive before, never so busy, never in such great need of US as NOW! The very worst part of it is, we are over looking this fact.

All the world, you might say, is expecting "Our Country," to be the power in winning this war. Not only that, but after it is won they will look to us again, to uphold the physical, mental and moral standard of living for the world. This

See the world's greatest melodrama, "The man that didn't come back."

will fall upon the younger generation, or, in other words, upon US, and we know what that means.

It means that because we are in school is not a sign that a share of America's great responsibility does not rest upon each of us. But it does mean that we must do our share, and remember it, there is not one of us but has a share.

From one point of view our share is a heavier one, and a harder one than that of the surgeon, nurse, or other important personages. Why? Because they have such big things to do that they are inspired and pushed forward, encouraged by the very bigness of their duties; while our tasks are the commonest the unpleasant ones, the every day ones, the ones it takes real grit, and a lasting determination to perform. So, we will just have to step in with a will and do those common tasks better than ever before.

If we can do no other thing to help win this war we can live from day to day in such a manner that Ames High School will be a vivid example of American ideals.

There never was a time before when we could say "I am an American" so proudly, or with such a real thrill.

A. H. S. ought not to stop at saying we are Americans but we ought to lead the schools in being Americans.

—Muriel Mackie.

If you hear a joke
That really makes you grin
Don't waste it on yourself
But write it down and hand it in.

"When did the revival of learning begin?"

Just before Exams."

RAVINGS OF A FRESHMAN
I know not why the sun does shine;
I know not why I call thee mine;
I know not why the birdies sing;
In fact! I don't know anything!
(Sad but true.)

Sergeant—"Where were you ever on picket duty?"

Recruit—"At home, Whenever they killed a chicken I had to PICK IT."

Take a swat at Kaiser Bill at the Carnival

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE TRENCHES

Christmas Eve in the trenches,
And all is dark and still,
For the Germans lying over there
Have one intent—to kill.

Christmas Eve in the trenches
Forgotten are hope and fear,
While the big guns are always sounding
Nearer and still more near.

Christmas Eve in the trenches
No thought of home nor God.
This is the grimdest of conflicts
For duty, not glory or laud.

Christmas Eve in the trenches,
The captain shout "Advance!"
The men are hurrying o'er the top
To be met by shot or lance.

Christmas Eve in the trenches,
That regiment comes back,
They are the ones victorious
But the dead are piled in a stack.

Christmas Eve in the trenches,
And all is dark and still,
But the Germans lying over there
Have no intent to kill.

—Donald Huckle '20

DO YOUR BIT

Don't eat any peanuts, but save the shells for the munitions factories and the kernels for the army. *By Nut*

The German soldiers must be nuts, the French are shelling them.

Coach Thompson—"Did you take a shower?"

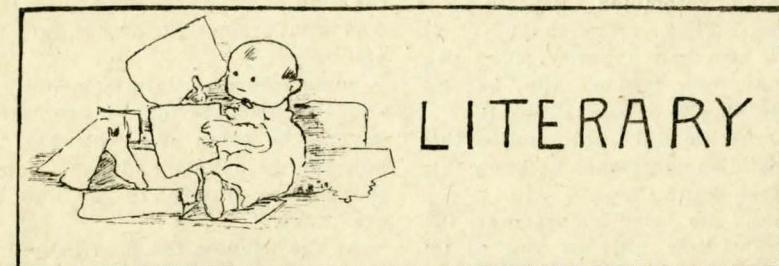
John Meyers—"No, is there one missing?"

Miss Thornburg—"Who can tell me which is the index finger?"

Freshie—"It's the one you tick when you turn over the pages!"

Senior—"I have such headaches I'm afraid I've got something in my head."

Prep—"Oh, now don't talk foolish."



FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY

ARCHIE'S SANTA CLAUS

The beautiful full moon, that Christmas eve, shown brightly down upon the sleeping world beneath, making the snow covered ground and house-tops glisten and sparkle like so many diamonds. It sent a silvery beam through the french windows of the nursery, across the richly carpeted floor, and lighted up the childish face of Archibibad D. Churchill, Jr., as he lay asleep in his little nursery bed.

Down stairs in the library the tall colonial clock, that had been in the family for almost two hundred years, struck the hour of one thirty in deep, rich tones. Archie stirred uneasily and opened his eyes with a sigh.

It was so very pleasant to lie there in the moon light and realize that out, there in the crisp, fresh air, Santa Claus with his jolly elves and reindeer was hurrying on his way to make the whole world happy. He knew that there was a Santa Claus, and that the neighbor boy who had said that there was none, had lied to him. Some day he would see Santa Claus and then he could prove to the boy that there was a really truly one.

As he lay thus in thought he hears or thought he heard a noise very much like the soft splintering of glass or it might have been the sound made by the bells or Santa's sleigh. Naturally the bells, being fairy bells would not sound quite like ordinary ones. Any way he could investigate and see for himself what it was.

Softly he stole out of bed, through the upper halls, and down the stairs. In the lower hall he paused before the library door, then pushed it boldly open and entered the room.

The dying fire in the open fire-place sent showers of sparks up the broad chimney. By one of these sudden flashes of light, he saw as if by magic a giant Christmas tree appear in the darkened corner of the room. Its green boughs were draped with glistening rops of tinsel, which by the fire light appeared as spun gold. Bright colored stars, balls, and ornaments were winking and nodding at Archie from all parts of the tree. Silent and awed he stood gazing at this marvel.

Then he saw the Christmas presents at the foot of the tree and the over-flowing stocking hanging at the fireplace. With a tiny cry of delight, that could not possibly have been heard in the adjoining room, he rushed to examine the gifts. There was the sled, the gun, the paint box, the pair of skates, the tool box and the candy just as he had described them in his letter to Santa Claus, and then there were a lot of things that he had not even asked for.

As he sat before the dying fire among his newly acquired treasures he heard or fancied that he heard the soft ringing noise made by the striking of silver ware together, or again it might have been the ringing of the fairy bells or Santa's sleigh. Jumping to his feet he rushed to the curtained doorway leading into the dining room, perhaps he would not be too late to see Santa Claus if he hurried.

He pushed the curtains apart, to find the richly furnished dining room lighted by a tiny hand electric lamp. By its feeble glow Archie saw Santa Claus, his back toward him, bending over the open drawer of the buffet. To be sure the

You will learn things you never knew before at the Educational Exhibit

man's clothing, resembled Santa's to a small degree. They were shabby and frayed. He also had a partly filled bag lying on the floor beside him, but instead of emptying it he was filling it.

However, Archie did not notice this and in his childish confidence he knew this to be the true Santa Claus.

"Oh Santa," he cried embracing the startled man, "How jolly of you to let me see you. I have always wanted to but never had the chance before. You don't look just as I thought you would, and your whiskers are black instead of white, but really I think you are just handsome as if they were white."

"Santa Claus—Santa Claus, why—," muttered the man, "Why it must be Christmas eve!"

"Why of course it is," said Archie. "Didn't you know that, Santa Claus?"

"Why," stammered the man, "I—I, well you see I have been so busy tonight, a drive'n all over the world, that I kinda' forgot just what day it was."

"Oh, yes; I see," said Archie. "Of course you must be very tired. Won't you come in the library and sit in papa's big easy chair, and tell me all about the north pole, and the reindeer, and just everything?"

Somewhere back in the man's brain along forgotten memory, a mere spark sprung into a flame, under the unconscious touch of this child. Some how Archie reminded this man of his own little boy, Jimmie, who was in an orphan home somewhere. What sort of a Christmas would Jim have? Would Santa Claus find his way to that lonely little boy.

Half pulling, half leading, Archie got the shame-faced man, into the library and in his father's chair before the fire. Archie sat upon the man's knee and the man told him all that he had ever heard about Santa Claus. As he sat thus telling these childish stories, he thought of his mother who had told these same stories to him when he was a boy and again he thought of his Jim and that poor boy's Christmas compared to Archie's.

"And it's all through my carelessness and wrong-doing that Jimmie is where he is," he said to himself. "It's my duty

the kind of a man, worthy to be Jim's dad. And what's more I'll do my duty to Jim—and myself."

Some where upstairs someone coughed and the man started to his feet. "I'll have to be going now," he said, "but say kid, there's a man and boy named Jim, that's more grateful to you than you will ever know."

At the window the man paused, "Merry Christmas to you, little kid, and—Good night." Then he opened the window, and was gone in the moon light. And so Archie went back to bed, all unconscious of the good he had done.

—Lowell Hauser.

HONORABLE MENTION

OUR BOYS OVER THERE.

A warm December sun streamed in through the high colored glass windows of a young lady's bedroom, on upper fifth Avenue, one morning a few days before Christmas. The sparkling red and green shafts of light on the white background of the room itself, made a very rainbow of color and life. A dark haired girl lay on her bed, cuddled to her ears in the great blankets, a red spot over her right eye, a green spot on her left cheek and a comical dark yellow light playing about her mouth. Being unable to withstand the tantalizing invitation of the world, to arise and live the day she opened one eye, then the other, and behold she was wide awake.

"Goody," she exclaimed looking out of the window before dressing. "It snowed last night, there is snow everywhere." A little canary in his cage on the wall sang his delight, and expressed the joy of his mistress.

"Dickie," the girl waved a finger at the singer.

"I don't care, I sound foolish, but I'm happy," Dickie answered not in very plain English, of course, but this did not count because Dickie was full of happiness.

"Gertrude," called a voice from the hallway.

"Yes mother, come in."

"You are awake, I thought surely that you were going to sleep all night and day."

"I thought so too, mother, but somehow the sun and Dickie just made me wake up."

"Mother," and Gertrude threw her arms around her mother's waist, "I must do my Christmas shopping, or at least begin, today."

"How much will you cut down on your expenditures this year?"

"Why must I cut down at all?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps you would like to send some little things to the poor in Europe, and to our soldiers over there."

"Well, I'll give them a little, but Mother there are so many of them and they are all perfect strangers to me."

"Your a stranger to them too, dear, but they are fighting your fight just the same."

"You heard that at a lecture the other night, didn't you?"

"Well your right, mother mine, but I just can't realize that part of it. I'll try to do as you wish though."

A hasty breakfast of fruit and cereal and Gertrude was ready for the fray. Dressed in a becoming corduroy walking suit, low heeled boots, a fox fur and turban of feathers, Gertrude looked the part of a very desirable Miss America as she sat behind the wheel of her Stutz Coupe.

Down town people, horses, automobiles, street cars hurried this way and that. Everyone was happy, faces smiled out from deep fur collars covered with snow—and some smiled though they had no collars at all. A fine light snow was falling. Already the side walks were covered. The Christmas tree and red holly berries told of the coming holidays and the snow gave proof that Santa Claus would come.

Gertrude stopped her car in front of a magnificent department store, one of the ones in which only the wealthy are to be found as patrons. A tall negro dressed in red, opened the door of the Coupe and helped her to alight. In the lobby of the building was a large hogshead, covered and draped in a silk flag—A sign at the side of the hogshead said—Help our Soldiers. Gertrude dropped a quarter in the barrel and walked on to do her shopping. She found some beautiful linen which she bought for her mother—but

Dad, what would she buy for him? Oh well, men are always satisfied with neckties and socks.

It was quite a walk to the Gent's furnishing department, but Gertrude was rather fond of her father so she made the trip.

She walked from one counter to another fingering the fantastically designed neckties noticing everything, concentrating her attention on nothing. Finally she found a tie that appealed to her and waited for the clerk to wait upon her.

"Is there anything else?" the clerk asked an elderly lady at the counter.

"Why yes," the lady answered, her voice was low, sweet and mellow. "I would like a dozen pair of heavy woolen socks."

The clerk hesitated for a moment, wondering if the lady meant what she said. A dozen pair of wool socks.

"They are for my son—he is 'Over There,'" the lady explained reading the open expression of exclamation on the clerks face. She said it so sweetly, without complaint. Gertrude was drawn to this heroic mother and suddenly was made to realize that after all they were not exactly strangers, her own dear mother was right.

"Was there something for you, Miss?" to take care of Jim, and it's my duty to be the clerk called anxiously as Gertrude walked away.

"No, I think not," and Gertrude smiled.

On her way to the street Gertrude stopped in the loby long enough to scurry the porter by dropping the remainder of her Christmas savings in the barrel—at home Gertrude's mother met her at the door.

"Why Gertrude," she exclaimed, "what have you in that large bundle?"

"Yarn mother, yards of it, yes miles of it, I am going to knit for the comfort of Our Boys Over There."

—Genevieve Lang

Fresh—"Why are you looking at my head?"

Soph—"I was wondering why we import ivory from Africa when we have so much raw material at home."

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

It was a still, cold, crisp, clear Christmas eve when small spirals of smoke from the chimney wound their way upward and the clear ring of sleigh bells echoed on the frosty, still, winter air, that the occupants of the little brown house in the hollow were less active than usual. Only a dull glimmer of light from the dim lamp reflected out on the snow from the window.

Mrs. Smith was not feeling very well and all the little Smith's were sitting around her while she was telling them of the Christ child who was born on Christmas eve and how the star of Bethlehem led the shepherds. She finished her story, gazed into the fire and soon fell asleep.

The next thing that broke the silence was little sobs from Cordelia the youngest, "Oh! mother, why won't we get any Christmas presents? Don't Santa Claus like poor children.

"Sh! be still! mother has gone to sleep. Let's be thankful for—"

A creaking noise was heard. The door slowly opened and in stepped a beautiful little, spangled winged fairy, "Come with me and be happy." She waved her wand. In a twinkle of an eye the room was transformed into a beautiful woodland. "This is fairy-land," the fairy explained.

A little brownie with a gray beard came up to Jackie saying, "I represent the kindness you've shown to your little sister."

Another brownie turning hand springs came running toward Cecilia, "I stand for the helpfulness to your mother," said he as he caught hold of Cecilia's arm and followed the fairy. Then came Roy Poly leading Cordelia and Bearded Brownie leading Jackie.

The fairy led them toward a hill. She waved her wand and a big door opened. "Just follow me." They went through a long hall that was all dark save for small lamps cover so often on the wall that gave out their tiny light but only made the shadows darker in contrast. They went on and on. Soon they came to a turn which the children thought surely must hide the end, but no, as they turned all they saw in front was the narrow hall. But finally it came to an end.

—Marie Raynes

For Sale—A Jersey Cow—Gives a good quality of milk, also hay, rope pulleys, and a small refrigerator.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Christmas bells are ringing,
The merriest of the year
And to me a tale are telling
That one I love to hear.

How our kind, loving, Savior
Was born upon this day,
In a little town of Bethlehem
Far, far, away.

Born in a loly manger
While one bright star shone o'er,
And led the three old wisemen
Up to the stable door.

They gave to Him their blessings
And countless precious things,
Because He was our Savior
Jesus Christ, the King of Kings.

—Ardella Pike.

CHEESE

"Randolph! Randolph Harvey, you come right home."

That was Spud's ma callin'. She calls him Randolph when she's cross. She thinks that's a name but isn't. That's a word the kids say to Spud to make him fight. He was fightin' when his ma yelled at him. It wasn't about the word tho, he was fightin' to see who would have to sit up and see if there is any Santa Claus. But of course his ma had to butt in. Women always spoil all the fun dogs and boys have.

"The idea of you fighting on the day before Chrustmas," scolded Spud's ma, "I doubt if Santa Claus will bring you anything but a bundle of switches."

She wasn't very cross tho. Nobody is at Christmas time, if they ever are you know it's 'cause you most foun' a present. They feed us dogs things they'd never think of at other times. Spud wasn't scared about switches either, he said his ma always told him that. She thinks he'll wash behind the ears and not fight if she does.

After supper Spud didn't put me out doors like he usually does. He put me on the back stairs to wait for him. Then he went and got a cold potato and a piece of cheese and we went to bed and ate 'em.

When everyone was asleep we went and got some more to eat and crawled under the sofa to wait for Santa Claus. We didn't go to sleep, but some way we sort of didn't think much. Next thing we knew we heard the window close with a bang, and someone was in the next room!

Spud crawled out and I followed him.

"Are you Santa Claus?" he asked facing the man bravely.

The man jumped, looked surprised, and then grinned and said, "No—not exactly but I'm his brother and he sent me here to leave your presents."

"Oh," said Spud, "Do you live at the north pole too?"

"Who's there," called Spud's pa from up stairs.

"Guess I'll go while goin's good," announced the man.

"Oh aren't you going to leave any presents," Spud cried, "Cheese make him stay."

Now Spud never cries unless its somethin' real serious. But his lip trembled and his eyes filled with tears. The man was just about to go through the window. But he didn't make it. I grabbed his ankle and hung on.

I'm not a very big dog but when he came in, the window fell on his ankle, so it hurt when I grabbed him. I was wondering how long I could hold him when I heard a sharp report and felt myself falling, falling and all wat dark.

The next thing I knew I was layin' on the sofa and the doctor was bending over me. I tried to get up but I fell back and closed my eyes. Someone said the man had shot me.

"He'll pull through," said the doctor, "Poor little fellow. Brave little doggy to catch the man that the police everywhere were hunting for."

"Do you suppose he knew who the man was?" asked Spud's ma.

"Well—now he might. Dogs know a lot more than we think they do," said Spud's pa.

Now I'm layin' on the sofa again and Spud is feeding me cheese and showing me his presents. I guess they made Santa Claus give him some. There's a bunch of kids lookin' at me through the window. I

bet they envy Spud. Well now I'm not such a bad dog if I do say it.

—Harriett Schleiter '20

BALLAD OF THE SOPH. WHO DIDN'T DO OUTSIDE READING

The Sophmores are a jolly lot
And like to have some fun.
They have to read outside the class
But don't always get it done.

One day as fortune willed it so
A Sophomore in his sorrow
At having "flunked" a History test
Said, "I'll read on the morrow."

Miss Coksey said, "You are Sophmores,
And should have your reading done,
Today on 'Two Cities,' we report
And you must all failures shun."

Unhappy Sophmore! What should he do?
He did not want to fail
So he tried to hide behind his desk,
But was stold to write the tale.

"Please, teacher, I haven't read it yet,"
But his pleadings were in vain.
"Then you may go to the study-hall
And after school remain."

A bitter lesson the Sophmore learned,
And hereafter he will not shirk,
When Miss Coksey gives outside reading,
He will certainly do the work.

—Ruth Johnson '20

A TENDERFOOT IN CAMP

It may be that some of you people have never experienced having a tenderfoot in camp. If you have you know that at times you feel sorry for him, but other times you have to laugh at the amusing things he does and says.

There was a family in camp which had two boys and one little girl, and also that great possession, a grandmother, who had come to visit them. One of the boys was a good sportsman, as you might call it, even if he never did catch any fish when he went fishing, but because he had good sporting blood in him (as you will see.)

One day he had been out on the lake for about an hour. When he came back,

he went up to his grandmother and said, "Oh, grandma! won't you come out and go fishing with me? I can't catch anything." Why of course I will," she said.

I guess the grandmother didn't like this "Too Close to Nature" life. She had told me she found a great big green worm on her pillow when she was making her bed. And how she did hate these little green frogs jumping around every place she went."

She finally got ready, and Bobby and grandma started, but as she went she said that she knew they would not catch anything, but that she would go to amuse Bobby.

When they started we were all down at the wharf to see them off. I stayed close to the beach to catch frogs as I thought I might go fishing after they came in. After a time when I glanced up to see whether I could catch a glimpse of them, I saw the boat coming through the reeds and Bobby was rowing for all he was worth. The grandmother sat in the rear of the boat all smiles. She could hardly wait till she got ashore to tell what had happened.

"Oh," she said, "We have really caught a fish! And its a MUSKY!"

Muskies are very fine eating and very gamey to catch.

Of course every one was down by the wharf by now. Bobbie was so excited, but had not had a chance to say anything as yet. He held up the fish so we could see yet. I can shut my eyes now and picture that poor fish. I don't think they ever would have lost that fish if they had had to row around the lake. In the first place every hook that was in the bait was in the fish and they had taken the line and wound it around the fish's mouth. The fish did not have a very fair chance in the first place, judging from their description of the way in which they caught it. Bobbie had tried casting till the grandmother could stand it no longer and then she took the pole and told Bobbie that they would try trolling. She had hardly put the line out when the fish bit at it. She reeled it in just as fast as she could, threw the fish into the boat and wound the line around its mouth. It was a laughable

sight to behold—that harmless fish wound and bound in such a fashion, lying there helpless on the sandy beach. They finally got the line off and were going to dress the fish when the grandmother asked if you should pour hot water over the fish before dressing it. We asked why. She said, "Why, so as to get the scales off just as you would to get feathers off a chicken."

What won't some tenderfeet do any say when it comes to camping.

—Ethelyn Colburn '21.

A wee tiny boy in a soldier suit,
Just as tiny as tiny can be,
A little girl in a nurses gown,
Are playing war by the sea.

The wee boy is injured, she raps him tight,
With the twine that is yards and yards long
Not hearing his cry from pain and fear,
But raps, not knowing her wrong.

A wee tiny voice then shouts so loud,
I ain't goin' to play no more,
Yu' ain't a good nurse, at all, and besides,
Yu, don't know how to play war.

Yu've hurted my legs and bruised my head,
And now yu've made me sore,
So just go home, I ain't goin' to fight
For Uncle Sam no more.

—Lucille Lang.

THE BALLARD OF THE POPCORN MAN

A popcorn man lived in our town;
He came there in the fall,
With sad and pensive countenance,
Enveloped in a shawl.

"Now why this shawl, O popcorn man!
Now why this shawl," quoth I.
"Tis camouflage," he slyly said,
"I am a German spy."

"I'll have a mission to perform,
As all will some day learn:
I have a mission to perform,
Which in my soul doth burn."

"And while I turn my popper here,

Producing toothsome corn,
Within my brain a plot doth turn—
'Tis popping into form."

But as he spoke a cop came up;
He tore away the shawl,
And when he saw a German spy,
Said, "this won't do at all."

"Just come with me—hop willingly,
'Tis but my club that mars."
And now our popcorn man is safe
Behind the iron bars.

—Sam Battell.

WAR SAVING CAMPAIGN IN IOWA

High School students all over the state of Iowa and the United States are responding to the call of the government to invest a portion of their earnings in War Saving Stamps and U. S. Government Thrift Stamps.

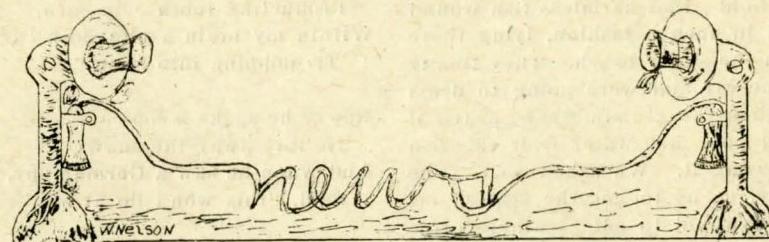
For the convenience of investors a "Thrift Card" is furnished all purchasers of 25 cent stamps. This card has space for sixteen stamps. When all the spaces are filled the Thrift Card may be exchanged for a \$5.00 stamp at postoffices, banks or other authorized agencies by adding a few cents in cash.

Those who prefer may buy a \$5.00 stamp, it is attached to an engraved folder known as a "War Savings Certificate" which bears the name of the purchaser. This certificate contains twenty spaces, these are filled with \$5.00 stamps by Jan. 31, 1918, the cost of the purchaser will be \$82.40, and on Jan. 1, 1923, the government will pay the owner of the Certificate \$100.44 a profit of \$17.60.

You can obtain the cash and interest on a certificate or war saving stamp at any time by giving ten days written notice to any postoffice.

The main reason why you should purchase war saving stamps is because your country is at war and every penny which every man, woman, and child can save and lend the government is needed to help win the war. A country worth fighting for is a country worth saving for. War savers are life savers.

(Published at request of U. S. Treasury Department.)



ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL BOY GOES INTO ARMY

Eldred "Shorty" Heffern left two weeks ago last Monday for Omaha where he intended to join the Aviation Signal Corps. He expected to be placed at Fort Logan, but his chum and room-mate, King Jarvis has not yet heard from him. Shorty's home is in Asbury, Illinois, but we can claim him as a high school boy because he made so many friends among the boys during his two months work here. "Old Bill" may never know that another Ames boy has enlisted, but every time an Ames boy enlists, "Old Bill" has got just that much more to face.

Y. M. C. A.'S. CHRISTMAS

This is a year for men both great and small to do their bit. One half year of the work of the A. H. S. Hi Y is nearing an end, and it certainly has been a big half year for this organization, but there are yet big things to do before the end. Do you know that nothing ever gets perfect though it be ever so fine so it is for the Hi Y to keep plugging and prove a big thing. That we need more fellows to help to put things across which are yet to be done has been said before. We will be glad to shake the hand of any fellow who will extend his and be ready to make friends. That is what the Hi Y means "Friendship" in every sense of the word.

Any organization would not be normal unless it thought of Christmas time. The Hi Y has planned this year to think of home fellows which are in France and send them some kind of a token, besides contributing to the War fund. You can see, fellows, that it is a organization which is worthy of its cause and one which means something to have your name on the membership book.

Yo-ho Skinny! Run like everything! I'm goin' to the Carnival.

LIVE ASSEMBLIES PROMISED

The Sophomore class will have charge of the assembly today and they claim that if you don't like their program, it is because you are a German sympathizer. It is to be a distinctly patriotic program with special emphasis placed on the boys who are away, and raising pep for the patriotic carnival tomorrow. A feature of the program will be the presentation of our new service flag we are going to be so proud of. Some popular songs with new words will be sung, and you will be thrilled by a dramatic spectacle based on "Somewhere in France is a Lily." Unless you want to be classed as a slacker you must clap long and loud.

Friday the Freshmen and Sophmores will give the Christmas program. We fear that some preps would be set conscious if we printed a list of the performers, and we don't know the order, but here is what we do know: Someone will give a piano solo, there will be two original Christmas stories, a violin duet, an article on "The Origin of Christmas Carols," talks on "War Time Christmas," "Y. M. C. A. Christmas Work" and "A Story of Last Christmas in Paris," a vocal solo by a boy, and a Christmas play, "A Christmas Dinner on the Wing." This program ought to put us in a mood for a rousing good Christmas vacation.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY MAKES GENEROUS GIFT TO RED CROSS

Marion Spring gave half of the proceeds from the sale of his pony at the Red Cross auction last Saturday. This example is a worthy one to follow, that is the spirit of sharing equally with these funds for the benefits of the boys who have to fight for us.

Y. W. C. A.

Girls! We have been slow about getting started with our Y. W. but now we ought to get along nicely. That is if you are willing to help. Of course you are willing but it's rather hard to know just what to do isn't it? It seems sort of indefinite, so let's have a little heart to heart talk here through the "Spirit." It's very hard to talk personally about things that you feel—way down deep—so let's have the "Spirit" for a mediator. First of all let us decide what we joined the Y. W. for. We are to be real frank now, say just what we feel. It was because of the purpose wasn't it? Democracy and friendship. We don't any of us want to be branded a "snob." We really and truly want to be friendly. Anyway the very last thing we want to do is to hurt someone with our snobbishness. Do you know there are very few real snobs in the world? Many people have a "snobbish" crust, that's all. They are naturally cold, and unapproachable or perhaps just a little timid but just make a break some day and get through their crust. You will be ashamed that you thought them snobbish. So don't stand around, staring at people and wondering if they are snobbish—if you do you'll be a snob yourself. Be a C. B., a Crust Breaker, and the first thing you know your own crust will be broken. You will find out that there aren't many snobs and those who are really don't want to be, they just don't know about crusts.

There's another thing too about the purpose of our Y. W. and its hard to talk about so we don't say much about it to each other do we? But we can talk about it now a little. It's that part about being closer followers of Jesus Christ. We couldn't ever get very far if we didn't think of that once in a while. Maybe that's just why some of us don't get far. We sort of get off the track and forget how to get back on, or, maybe we think we will get along just as well as on a different track. Some people say that's why we are in the war, because the world in general has gotten off the track. Let us do all in our small power to help it get back on.

BOOST FOR THE CARNIVAL

Make your Army Y. M. and Y. W. contribution through the Carnival

FIREF!

'Twas night and all was silent
On this December eve,
The town lay peacefully slumbering
And none had cause to grieve.

Suddenly the silence was broken
By a whistle sharp and shrill,
The people flew from their beds
And went dashing up the hill.

Another blast resounded,
Spreading terror and alarm.
The firemen were on the spot
That nothing might come to harm.

Again the whistle resounded
Again, again, and again
Keeping all from slumber:
In it's awful cry for men.

The morning dawned both clear and
bright,
The fire still slowly burned,
We came to school as usual,
Tho' very much concerned.

P. S. and somewhat sleepy.
—EW and D. B.

RED CROSS

In doing our bit in this war it is absolutely necessary that each girl should assume a definite responsibility. A true patriot will not hesitate to sacrifice even her greatest joy. She will never let a chilly breeze keep her away from the Red Cross rooms for she fully realizes that our boys are fighting in the most severe weather.

So girls—all those who wish to be really truly patriots—come to the Red Cross rooms every Saturday afternoon and make as many surgical dressings as you possibly can. Then go again Monday night and double that number. You can do it—we are confident, and remember that last Monday fourteen girls made over a thousand sponges in about two hours. Just stop and think how many we can make if all the girls in A. H. S. will come next time.

"Did you ever hear a mosquito weep?"
"No, but I've heard a moth eat."

CARNIVAL

Tomorrow will be a gala day for the Ames High School. The Y. W.—Y. M., carnival is due to come off. The managers have secured excellent vaudeville shows directly from the Orpheum in Des Moines.

The various classes under skilled directors will present undoubtedly superb entertainments. The educational exhibit has many entrants and the competition has been especially keen for the blue ribbons. The art gallery is one of the most stupendous attractions ever seen in the city. Pictures, statues, pottery, relics and many curious things are on exhibition, and in seeing them one derives as much practical knowledge as four years in college gives. The "Faculty Show," a rip roaring side splitting comedy presenting all star cast will make its first appearance before an Ames audience.

The "Lang Sisters" and the world's greatest melodramatist, Beatrice Olson have been secured for that night only, don't miss them. Synor Pollardon will furnish music for the festival.

Don't forget Thursday, December 20th. All proceeds go to the army Y. M. C. A. Ten cents at the door and five or ten for each show. Bring money, lots of it. The Army "Y." needs it. Students and the public in general be sure to attend.

Y. W. SOCIAL MEETING

Our next Y. W. meeting will be Friday night at 7:30. It is entirely social. Just a gay get-together, a last Merry Christmas before vacation. Come prepared to tell your funniest story, and win the prize.

We want to practice a few Christmas songs too. On Christmas eve we are going to sing for all those who put a candle in their window. It will probably be too cold to stay out long, so we will just make it a progressive party, staying not more than a half an hour with one girl, then go to some other girl's home, singing on the way.

"My face is my fortune,"

"Well its no sin to be poor."

BASKETBALL ROOTERS

When the interscholastic games start lets be backers and show the team we are behind them whether we loose or win. Let's have a royal bunch out to each game and be there with the pep. More will be known about the varsity lineup after the class series. It will be written up for the following Spirit so you will know who are playing and be ready to root for your team.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Monday, December 24th, the Social Service committee of the Y. W. planned a party in the High School "gym." One hundred and five children and their mothers have been invited. There are just hosts of happy surprises and if everyone there doesn't have the time of his life it will be a strange thing.

WAR WORK FUND

Thursday night, December 13th, there was a mass meeting of the H. S. girls for the purpose of asking them to donate at least one dollar for Y. W. C. A. war work. When the boys had a similar meeting, 61 per cent of them pledged to pay \$10.00 each. Girls! If 61 per cent of our boys pay \$10.00 each, shouldn't 100 per cent of the girls manage to give \$1.00 each. Just one tenth of what the boys are giving. Save the pennies!

A box has been left in Mr. Steffy's office for the money, so you go and slip your dollar or dollars in!

HEY! HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS!

An indoor picnic! Doesn't it sound jolly. Well it will be "jollier." The soldiers in the hospitals need cheering up. There's nothing as good for a sick man as a laugh. So all the High School girls are invited to an indoor picnic at the Library, December 31, to help make scrap books for the soldiers. We are planning a lot of fun along with it so hand your name to Majorie Nickels or Ina Reins if you intend to go. Don't miss out on the good time.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE RED CROSS?

You'll never quit laughing at the Carnival.

NEWS!

The Camp Fire Girls held a business meeting last Friday night.

A number of our High School girls are going to help in the Bazaar at the Methodist Church next Saturday.

Florence Godard played a cello solo at a banquet at Margaret Hall Wednesday night.

The Red Cross knitting room is open from 2:00 until 5:00. All girls wanting yarn are requested to go during those hours.

It may have been cold Monday night, at least only fourteen H. S. girls braved the weather to go to the Red Cross work room. But have you heard what these fourteen did? Made 1041 gauze sponges! a record breaker sure!

Just a hint—There is going to be a Dramatic Club! Won't it be great?

Harold Seymour has just gotten out of the hospital at Camp Cody, and is doing light duty now.

Mr. Pollard entertained the members of the orchestra, which played at the Living Picture Festival, at the Harris home, Monday evening. Music was furnished by several members of the orchestra. Light refreshments were served.

Alice McCarthy spent the week end in Nevada.

Be sure and see the stunts put on by the Camp Fire Girls. It's one of the free stunts and it's worth many times the admission fee. It is equal "ALMOST" to the much advertised Junior stunt.

The Ata Strawberry Shortcake knitting bunch met at the home of Georgina Kirkham Tuesday evening. Several squares were made for afghans. Any girl who would like to make these squares see Georgina.

Why was Miss Fickle so peeved at Constance Knipe Wednesday?

Muriel Mackie taught Mr. Hick's Economics Class one day last week.

Grace Kimball entertained about twenty girls at a stag party given at her home Friday evening, December 14th.

Ross Rutherford is seriously ill with pneumonia at Camp Cody, New Mexico.

"Oh! Those funny Juniors! They make me laugh."

"THE PANTRY HOSPITAL"

"I'm feeling mighty tough today," declared the sirloin steak.

I wish I had a pint or so of something good to take.

"When I got stewed this morning," said the melancholy prune, I landed in the cooler and they kept me there 'till noon."

"Oh, I've been full a lot of times," remarked the two quart cup.

"Me too," the catsup bottle said, But had to cough it up."

"Well I have been pickled for a year," the pigs foot cried with glee.

"I've grown so weak" the coffee said, "I fear I'm going to die."

"And I get stronger all the while," the onion made reply,

"My eyes are full of sand and dirt" the new potato said,

And then the cabbage kicked about a badly aching head.

"I'm sorry for the celery," remarked the Jelly tart,

It's badly bleached and withered, but it's rather good at heart."

"We're all as thin as shingles," said the shortcake to the pie,

"But what a lot of crust we leave," it answered in reply.

"I'm feeling mighty awful bad," the storage egg remarked.

"We're all shot full of holes ourselves," the doughnuts did declare,

And then the butter said it's life was hanging by a hair.

—M. C. '17.

Customer—You are sure those eggs are fresh?

Clerk—Couldn't say for sure ~~that~~. I've only worked here for three months.

"Have you any ties to match my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but we have some soft hats to match your head!"

A clergyman who advertised for an organist received this reply:

I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher either lady or gentlemen. Having been both for several years I beg to apply for the position.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT

REMEMER THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Thirty-three Ames boys that we all know are probably spending their first Christmas away from home. And they are not spending it at somebody's home either, they are spending it in a rough army camp. Can't we all put a little of our Christmas cheer in a letter and send it to them? Surely this is very little to ask. All of the boys who have written directly to the Spirit have mentioned how hungry they were for home news. Maybe you weren't a special pal of theirs, write them a letter anyway, this war is making us all one big family.

Just imagine what you would want to hear if you were in their place and then write it. Don't always show partiality, send a Chrisamas letter to all the boys you know. DO IT NOW!

Rufus Hoon, Paul McNeil, Ricketts, Winifred Crabbs, Jay Elliot, Douglas Waitley, Don Soper:

1st M. C.
126 Field Artillery,
Camp Cody,
Deming, N. Mex.
Corp. McKinley, Steigerwalt, George
Dunlap, Bernice Posegate, Harold Seymour, John Taylor, Arthur Speers:
109th Trench Motar Batt.,
Camp Cody,
Deming, N. Mex.

Chas. Shockley, Paul Hammond, Warren Reinhart, Harold Loughran:

Company I,
168 U. S. Infantry,
Rainbow Division,
France.

Gifford Terry, Chas. Nowlin, Bob Sage, Art Balinger:

1st Company,
Ft. Winfield Scott,
San Francisco.

Private Orville Apland,
Camp Funston,
Fort Riley,
Kansas.

Corp. Elmer C. Jones,
31st Aero Sqd.,
Fort Totten, Long Island.

Be a gossip. Tell everybody about OUR Carnival.

Harvey Fitch,

Armed Guard Detail,
U. S. N. Training Station,
Norfolk, Va.

Floyd Mabie,

Company A.,
Iowa Engineers,
Camp Dodge.

Ted Nowlin,

Company C, Gunner's Mate School,
Main Camp U. S. Naval Station,
Great Lakes, Ill.

Louis E. Gray,

U. S. Naval Training Station,
Great Lakes, Ill.
% Boat House.

Ralph C. Lewis,

Fort Kamehameha,
3rd Co.,
H. T.

Vaughn Hunter,

Fort McDowell,
Angel Island.

Leonard Stenerson,

U. S. S. New York,
% P. M.,
New York City,
Radio Box E.

Eldred Heffern,

Aviation Signal Corps,
Fort Logan?

NEWS FROM HARVEY FITCH -

He is now on the Merchantman "S. S. Orion," formerly the German ship (Prinz Oskar.) He writes "She is a pretty good sized ship about six hundred feet long, 3777 tons net, and has been across as a government vessel once, July 12-Oct. 8, from Philadelphia to Naples. We saw three subs, fired sixty rounds and now was crossed by a torpedo once."

He will be gone for two or three months. There are two wireless men on ship, and he says "We have all the room in the world."

One thing which is hard on the men is, that they don't have any reading matter except that which they take along so they appreciate all school and local news:

He received a card with an S. O. S. message on it, and here are some of the things he says S. O. S. stands for: "Soldier or Sailor," "Sunk our Skins," "State of Starvation," "Sunk our Ship," "Sink or Swim," "Swim or Shiner," "Say something or Shutup."

"The shipping board presented every one of the Armed Guards with two suits of heavy wool calton lined underwear, one pair heavy mittens, two pair heavy socks, one pair wool lined rubber boots, one very heavy shirt with hood, and suit of water proof cloths, with hood. We are pretty well fixed for the sea."

He received a "Stewart" phonograph for Christmas and with this he and his wireless mates expect to pass some of the hours away. These are a few of the records they got: "The Rosary," "Bar carolle," "Indiana," "Snow Deer," a "Hawaiian Melody," and a "Nut Record."

The Captain's wife took the names of the boys and when they get across she is going to send a card to their folks, stating that the ship has arrived safely.

Dear Folks:

Have been having a lot of experience lately. The big one that I'll always remember happened Sunday. Thirty-six men were chosen from the two Companies here at DeRussy, as honorary guard at Queen Lil's funeral. The older men were chosen almost exclusively. There were just three recruits: One from the 2nd Co. and another fellow and I from this Co. We got up at 6 a. m. yesterday morning. Had two fried eggs for breakfast, the first we have had in seven months, as chickens are very scarce out here, and then took the car for the Royal cemetery. When we got there we were stationed in a circle around the Mausoleum containing the bodies of the rulers of Hawaii for centuries back. We could see the shelves containing caskets, etc. The parade began to arrive about ten and the body of the Queen got there at noon, showing what a big parade it was. They had big barrel shaped things on poles which were a frame work to which feathers of thousands of birds are sewed. Big capes and vests worn by people in the parade are made of the same, and are very

old and valuable. An interesting scene was an empty carriage draped in black. It was supposed to be the royal mourners, but as all of the main line royalty are dead the carriage had to be empty. All the old Hawaiian women who were allowed inside of the gate sat down and rolled a cigarette and smoked and moaned and wailed. The chief mourner made your ears ring with her cries. The costumes, capes, helmets and banners were wonderful. There surely were some beautiful sights.

The death carriage was drawn by about two hundred and fifty Hawaiian men dressed in bright capes. The rope was wrapped in black and white bunting. There were prime ministers, ambassadors, envoys, and many important men there.

I'm getting too sleepy to write any more, so must go to bed.

DONALD BEAM.

HUNKA TIN

(Parody on Kipling's Gunga Din)

You may talk about your voitures,
When your sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting glasses in,
Take a little tip from me,
Let those heavy motors be,
Pin your faith to Henry F's old hunka Tin,
Give her essence and l'eau,
Crank her up, and let her go,
You back firin' spark plug foulin,
Hunka Tin.

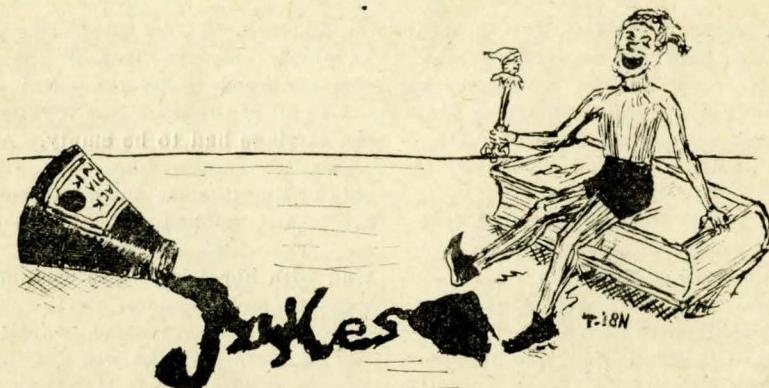
The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood
Will rattle like the boiler shop enroute.
The coolers sure to boil,
And perhaps she's leakin oil
Then often times the horn declines to
toot.

But when the night is black,
And there's blessed to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a
smoke,

It's mighty good to feel
When you're sitting at the wheel
She'll be running when the bigger cars are
broke.

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last,

Your troubles will vanish tomorrow night at the High School



To our reward of which the preacher sings,
When these Ukelele sharp,
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg'lar wings
When the Kaiser is in hell
With the furnace drawing wet
Paying for his million different kinds of
sin.
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole
And I'll cast a few loads down with
Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin-Tin-Tin
You, exasperating puzzle Hunka Tin
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But by Henry Ford who made you,
You are better than a Packard—

Hunka Tin.

(Written by a soldier in the American Ambulance Service, published in the American Field Service Bulletin in Paris.)

Miss Mills—"Roy, have you read any of President Wilson's Address to Congress?"

Roy D.—"Yes."

Miss Miller—"How much?"

Roy—"The head lines."

Patron—"I don't see any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

For the safety of all concerned it would be wise to provide larger seat, at least one for Naomi Fitch in American History.

The boys were watching the girls dance-

Free! Prep's Stunt. Worth the money.

ing in the gym:

Miss Barnes. "Those boys surely seem interested in us."

Dorothy McCarroll. "No Miss Barnes, it isn't us its our suits."

Ivadel Elwood. "I had four bids to the Theta Xi dance."

"Oh! what popularity."

Ivadel. "Well, I don't know, they didn't any of them know me."

George—"Say did you see where my ball went?"

Innocent Bystander—No; but I felt where it landed."

Poor Caralyn Crosby. I hear she's had a lot of trouble.

"Yes, poor dear." I understand there is a scandal mixed in it." But have you heard what Marion Smith has to say about it yet?"

Widdy—"There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobblestone pavement."

Lois—"It's probably that truck you ate for dinner.—Ex.

Suitor—"Be mine! Be mine! Dorothy preserve me!"

Dorothy—"I was just thinking of canning you."—Ex.

Margaret—"Did you get the opera score?"

Hodges—"Yes, they were tied in the last minutes of play."—Ex.

A THLETICS

Basket Ball Season

The class series which were started last Thursday night, by the Sophmores walloping the Juniors by the tune of 35 to 17, showed that the Sophmores have the same pep as they did in football. Thompson says "The class series are going to be closer this year than ever before." The Sophmores and the Seniors will probably have to fight the deciding battles.

A double series will be played; in the first series, each team playing each other twice. Following the first game series will be a second team class series. The Preps look pretty good for the second class series because the men who were ineligible for first games will be allowed to play in the second class games.

Another interesting fact about the class games will be to note which class has the most representatives on the A. H. S. first squad. It is going to be a real fight for places.

Loyal supporters of A. H. S., it is time now to begin to save your nickels and pennies for the coming interscholastic games. A number of good games will be played on the home floor and it will be worth your twenty-five cents to see these games. The first will be Nevada on the home floor January the sixteenth and that game will be a good starter. All these games at home will be played in the High School gymnasium. Such schools as Nevada, Boone, Marshalltown, Toledo, Webster City, Indianola and Cedar Rapids will be included in the A. H. S. basketball schedule.

Twelve men will compose the varsity squad and seven men will make the trips. Coach Thompson hopes to get a game with Sioux City because it will be a good trip for the fellows besides playing with a large school, but no definite arrangements have been made.

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"
She purled, then dropped a stitch.
"A sock or sweater, sir," she said,
"And darned if I know which."

SENIORS SMOOTHER PREPS BY A LOP-SIDED SCORE

Led by Sauvain who got twelve baskets the Seniors piled up a big score against the Preps. Thompson and Meredith were the only Preps who showed any fight, though the other members of the team showed occasional flashes of pep, as when Brunner shot two baskets and Musson showed a flash of form in the second period when he got five baskets almost in succession. Meredith got one long basket, but was very weak on foul shooting. Watkins and Belknap played clean-cut games at guard for the Seniors; Gilbert played guard for the Preps and Novie played center in the first half. It was a good game and much more credit should go to the Preps who were handicapped by the loss of their stars through ineligibility.

SOPHS BATTLE WITH PREPS!

Score 20-5

The Sophmores beat the Freshmen by a margin of fifteen points. Every point that was made by the winners was hard earned. Meredith's and Thompson's defensive work was a feature of the game. Vic Brunner, the midget forward for the Preps, was a game scrapper.

Elliott was the chief point gainer for the Sophs.

The game resembled a football game and the Preps were there with the fight.

Line-up and Summary.

SOPHS	PREPS.
Schovel—L. G.	Clark—L. G.
Elliott—R. G.	Thompson—T. G.
Thornburg—C.	Meredith—C.
Bennett—L. F.	Brunner—L. F.
Cornelliussen—R. F.	Dalbey—R. F.
Gals	o

Sophs:—Elliot 6; Bennet 2; Corneliussen 1.

Preps:—Thompson 1.
Goals from Fouls:—Bennett 2; Meredith 2; Thompson 1.

Subs:—Colburn for Thornburg.

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We also carry a big line of the "R & G" CORSETS.

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When you hear that said you may know that folks are talking about the only middle that is made that will give entirely satisfaction. They are no more expensive than others, but a whole lot better.

They come in all wool, in cotton with wool collars and cuffs. Our new spring line of the JACK TAR MIDDIES and DRESSES will be here the first of February. Come in and get acquainted with the line and you will buy them.

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75 boys want work during
vacation. DO YOUR BIT!
These boys will turn the
money they earn in on their
\$10 pledges.

Let these patriotic boys do your
ODD JOBS

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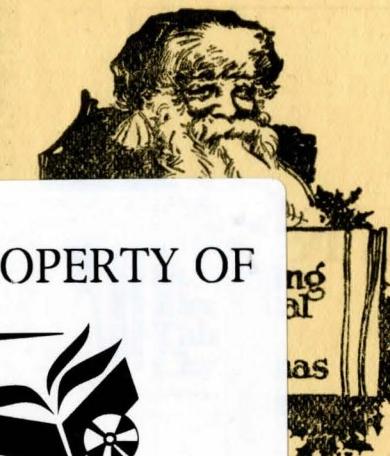
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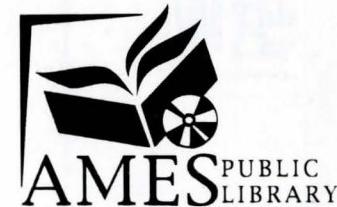
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